

# Togo, Who Sank Fleet, To Visit In America

### Japan's Silent Admiral on Way Home From Coronation

### Not Given to Talking--Something of His Great Career

ADMIRAL TOGO, the man whom the world has nicknamed variously "the silent one," "the ogre," "the demon Heihachiro," "the Nelson of Japan," will make his journey home from the coronation of George V. by way of America, arriving at New York on Aug. 4. London found him as inscrutable as ever he was in the thrilling days of Port Arthur, and the most ingenious tongue loosening attempts of the British interviewer failed to draw from him anything more illuminating than a matter of fact remark about the "honorable weather." Inquisitive America may have better luck, but the prospect is extremely doubtful. In the seventeen days in which he will "do America" we shall probably see more than we shall hear of Admiral Togo.

Silence with him is a religion. One of the stories they tell about this greatest of present day sea fighters shows how deeply it is rooted in him. Togo had been assigned to supreme command of the combined Japanese naval forces. He was a sick man at the time, and the government sent him home to rest and to wait. He said not a word to his wife of the plans that were forming or of the part he was to play in the attack upon the Russian fleet. The call came while he was still sick in bed.

"Ask them to wait, my lord; you are not well enough," counseled his wife. Togo struck her twice across the face.

"Woman, you speak foolishness," he said. The rebuke might have been borne less complacently in any country but Japan. The admiral immediately went into active service, and his wife, in accordance with the custom of the land, dispensed with all servants and with her children undertook the drudgery of housekeeping.

The world heard more of Togo in the days that followed than did his family. Just before his flagship, the Mikasa, sailed from Sasebo his daughter paid him a parting visit. As she left she asked if he had any message for her to take home.

"Nothing in particular," said he. "Tell them I am well and happy"—as a matter of fact he was still weak from his recent illness—"and say that they must not distract my mind by sending me letters while I am gone."

#### His Personal Effacement.

This rule was strictly carried out. His personal effacement from home and family was complete. In all the thrashing campaigns against the Russians he neither wrote nor received letters from home. To the American way of thinking, perhaps, such absolute adherence to duty seems unnecessarily severe, but it is quite in keeping with the Japanese code of service to one's country. Togo was simply putting into practice the principles of Bushido, that strange oriental philosophy that teaches chivalry, courage, stoicism, self sacrifice and devotion to duty that to us seems fanatical.

After the fall of Port Arthur and while the Japanese fleet was refitting at Sasebo for the final struggle with the Russian fleet, Togo rejoined his family, avoiding the demonstration that awaited him at the hands of a worshipping populace in Tokyo. A human side he undoubtedly has, this silent little man, although there were times during the war when he seemed nothing short of an automaton bent on destruction. His second leave taking from home was like the first.

The human side of the man came to the fore at odd moments. Even the navy department of Japan did not wholly trust him when he first became commander of the united fleet, and it sent spies after him to see if it was love of country or merely hatred of the Russians that animated Togo. Togo undoubtedly did hate the Russians, though it was a hatred that he concealed beneath an unemotional exterior.

#### A Grudge or Loyalty.

"If it is only this grudge," argued the navy department heads, "he will blow hot and cold, but if it is loyalty to the empire he will fight to the end." So the spies followed him, but they could make no satisfactory report. He knew he was watched. To allay suspicion, or rather to restore confidence, he did what the Japanese thought was a splendid thing. Under the strict samurai code—his code—voluntary death is the penalty for failure or disgrace. The famous harakiri knife, three and a half inches long, is the symbol as well as the instrument of that code. Before leaving to attack Port Arthur Togo appeared to relax his stern devotion to discipline when he said to his officers:

"Bring your wives and children, and we will be merry for a day before we leave port."

The wives and children came, and many a happy family party was followed by a calm stoical Japanese leave taking that afternoon on the shores of Sasebo. Then night fell. The last merry-makers had gone. On board the great black men-o-war in the bay there was naught now but

grim discipline. Togo, ever mindful of the presence of spies from Tokyo, prepared to demonstrate his loyalty to Japan and to the mikado. His orders to all captains and leading officers of the fleet were that they should report to him that night aboard the flagship singly and in the order of seniority. One by one they entered his silent cabin, and he spoke no word of greeting, but only bowed his head in grave recognition. In full uniform, his sword girt on, he sat solemnly upright, and resting on a cushion that lay before him was the keen bladed harakiri knife of the samurai.

As each officer entered and saluted the chief acknowledged his salute. He spoke no word. None was needed. With a grave gesture toward the gleaming blade, Togo motioned his guest away and bade the next approach.

It was midnight before this grim pantomime was ended in the half light of the admiral's cabin in the Mikasa. And when Japan's navy sailed away to meet the enemy every officer aboard knew that he carried the emperor's commission either for victory or for death. And the navy department knew that Togo could be trusted.

Not many days later the trust of his countrymen turned to abject adoration. With one swift stroke the master sea fighter of Japan had reduced the Russian fleet of Russian battleships to so many helpless hulks. It was without doubt the greatest naval victory of the century, and the sea-craft and skill of the little man that had guided the course of the mikado's fleet made many a European and American naval commander marvel. It was then that they nicknamed him the Nelson of Japan.

Bearing in mind that Togo was a sick man throughout the engagement with the fleeing Russian fleet, it emphasizes the almost reckless courage of him to state that he directed the movements of his ships from the bridge instead of taking advantage of the shelter of the conning tower. The fight was at its hottest when a six inch shell struck the chart room directly under his bridge, killing every man in it. Some of the splinters whizzed by Togo and his staff, and four of his officers were wounded. The admiral, after seeing that the wounded officers were attended to, resumed his place on the bridge.

There was aboard an old valet of his, a feudal retainer of his family. This man, when he heard that the admiral was in a place of great danger, broke all Japanese etiquette and rushed to the gangway leading to the bridge. There he hesitated, but a shell struck just then, wounding Imperial Prince Fushimi, who was aboard. The valet made a rush and prostrated himself before Togo, begging him, for the good of Japan, to go to the conning tower. The admiral, with a half amused seriousness, gave a kind refusal.

Just then a six inch shell struck the chart room and scattered the staff. A flying splinter wounded the valet on both legs. He was carried to the hospital, howling protest. From his cot he implored the surgeons to carry the admiral away by force. Finally the deck officers surrounded Togo and almost dragged him to the conning tower. Togo laughed indulgently as they locked him in.

#### His First War.

Togo's naval training was begun in England, where as a young man he attended the naval college in Greenwich. He also inherited his taste for the sea, as he came of the Satsuma clan, a tribe noted for its great sea warriors.

Returning to Japan, he was employed in various capacities. In 1894, when war broke out between China and Japan, he was in command of the Naniwa, a cruiser of 3,650 tons, one of the vessels composing what was then known as the first flying squadron of the Japanese navy. During the war he greatly distinguished himself and earned the reputation of being a first class fighting man.

Those who have served under him say that Togo is one of those men who cannot bear to be defeated.

Togo is now sixty years old. In appearance he does not resemble the high caste Japanese, for he is not of noble birth. He is an undersized, pudgy little man, with a close cropped head of hair and sharp iron gray beard and eyes that are not markedly almond shaped. In composure—which is to say at all times—there is that half smile, half scowl about the corners of the mouth which defies analysis. His uniform, unlike that of the average American or English naval officer, fits badly. His bearing is not what people call "military"; neither is there that about him which proclaims the great man. It is said of him that he might easily travel incognito.

He is a lover of flowers, likes hunting, is a good marksman, reads more than he admits and loves music—Japanese music. He plays the biwa, a kind of oriental guitar of exquisite tone and expression.

## GIVE THE DESERT LANDS TOO MUCH WATER.

### Government Experts Have to Save Tracts Irrigated to Death.

Irrigation intended to bring life to desert lands of the west has had a contrary effect in some places. In fact important work is now being done by some federal officials in reclaiming tracts on which there has been too much irrigation.

A problem that is being watched with great interest by some of the officials of the soil investigating bureau of the agricultural department has arisen in Utah. In Millard, one of the southern counties, there is a tract of 6,500 acres owned by the Desert Irrigation company, which has undertaken to reclaim an immense area, and has erected expensive works for the purpose. This tract was once good farming land, and while it was properly irrigated it yielded fine crops. Those in charge, however, became too generous in the use of the precious water. It was not long before the crops on the land grew less vigorous, and finally they failed to be profitable.

It was then that R. A. Hart, one of the experts of the soil investigating bureau, was called in. He found that the flood of water had washed alkali and other poisonous substances on to the land from the adjoining hills and so had killed its fertility. Mr. Hart as a matter of experiment has taken the matter in charge and will have an immense excavating machine turn over the soil and bury the alkali. This will be done at the expense of the company. He estimates that the fertility of the tract can be restored for about \$12 an acre.

Mr. Hart has just performed similar work near Salmon City, Ida. He expects to restore many thousands of acres to cultivation within a few months. He is watching other irrigation projects now to guard against future trouble, and cautioning literature will be sent out by the bureau to persons engaged in these enterprises.

### 117 YEARS OLD.

#### Thomas Morris Has Been a Cobbler For More Than a Century.

Newspaper investigation has disclosed the fact that Nebraska's oldest living inhabitant is Thomas Morris, 117 years old, of Westerville, Custer county.

There are several other remarkable things about Morris. He never attended school a day in his life. He never married. He has always smoked tobacco and used liquor in a moderate degree. He drinks coffee, two or three cups of it, at each one of his three meals. He never used glasses until a few years ago, and now only for close work.

Morris was born in Wales Jan. 15, 1794. He came to America at the age of seventy-eight, and for four years lived at New Hampton, Harrison county, Mo. In 1886 he removed to Nebraska. For more than a century he has been a cobbler. He worked steadily on the bench up until a few years ago. For two years he has done no work, but spends his time fishing. He has refused to sit for photographs because of a fear that it was a ruse to get him to the poorhouse, but had his first picture taken a few days ago.

#### Her Ideal.

"What is your ideal man?" "One who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it."—Variety Life.



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## NEED CEDAR FOR PENCILS.

### Barns and Fences Being Torn Down to Obtain It.

The bureau of forest service has discovered from recent reports that there is a dearth of cedar for pencils for which there is no prospect of relief. There is in the ordinary lead pencil three-fourths of a cent's worth of cedar, and there are made in the United States annually 320,000,000 pencils. This demands 110,000 tons of cedar, which costs about \$30 a ton.

The supply is gradually disappearing, and it is necessary every year to go farther and farther back into the virgin forests. Cedar cruisers know every region of the country where they can get any stock. Old cuttings have all been gone over repeatedly. Old stumps have been dug out. Even old log houses have been taken down. Large quantities of old cedar planks from barns are being bought, and fence rails are being picked over. The common practice is for the pencil manufacturers to put up a fine new woven wire fence for the farmer who has a fence with enough cedar rails in it to make it worth while, and the farmer who has a picket fence of cedar can get the best wire fence money can buy.

Queer as it may seem, although hundreds of experiments have been made, no other wood has been found as good as cedar for the pencil.

### Snake Sends Phone Calls.

A large blacksnake entered an open distributing station box of the New York Telephone company on Washington street, Bloomfield, N. J., and in its efforts to get out gave the hello girls a busy hour answering calls to which there was no response. It opened so many switches an investigation was made, resulting in its discovery. The box is five feet from the ground.



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|  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| Total admitted assets.....                       | \$ 273,813,063.55 |
| Total insurance in force.....                    | 1,080,239,708.00  |
| Total number policy-holders.....                 | 425,481.00        |
| New Insurance Reported and paid for in 1910..... | 118,738,053.00    |
| Increase in insurance in force over 1909.....    | 67,240,613.00     |
| Total income for 1910.....                       | 51,970,862.23     |
| Total payment to policy-holders.....             | 32,860,500.00     |
| Ratio of expense and taxes to income.....        | 12.78 per cent.   |

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